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with hands buried in his pockets, dug his bare, brown toes into the gravelly road . . . 'Who is she?' . . . 'We call her Terra Cotta.' . . . 'Terra Cotta!' Ah, I like that! Terra Cotta! It is certainly very appropriate to the external appearance of the woman. Is she local or transient? 'She is simply recorded as T. C., New York. I surmise that our host has more explicit knowledge; but if so he chooses to keep mum. The stableman says she has those burros engaged for the season, and, in spite of fair warning, her choice of a guide fell upon the most blasphemous and disreputable boy in the outfit.' This is the reader's introduction to Terra Cotta and her guide. But the author (Alice McAlilly), weaves a tragic romance around Terra Cotta and incidentally makes the "blasphemous and disreputable boy" a "study of life in the clay." It is very beautiful to follow Terra Cotta's influence on this rough child of the mountains. How gradually, by patience and gentleness and by charming similes, she gently leads him into a knowledge of and trust in a Divine agency. It is one of the sweetest novels of the early part of the century and it will be hard to surpass its fervor, its diction, and its wholesome influence. The neighborhood of the "Rockies" is thrice glorified in the dedication of such a work to its "mighty sanctuary." (Published by Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati and Chicago.)

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"Christ, the Apocalypse," by James Cooke Seymour, is a work into which the author has put much study and thought pertaining to many of the social problems of to-day. "Christ," says the author, "is the Apocalypse of the vast sociological and other problems of to-day. He is their origin, urgency, solution. . . . Men know more of Christ than they think, and owe far more to him than they own. The Christian atmosphere is everywhere, and men can scarcely breathe anywhere without taking in something of its freedom and inspiration. Christ is the world's only hope." In his essay on the "Problem of War," the writer says: "In all wars there is a wrong somewhere. If it is right to fight a band of brigands—and it is—it is wrong for men to ever turn brigands. If England and Wellington were right in fighting the battle of Waterloo—and who will say they were not?—it was wrong for Napoleon to dominate Europe with the sword, and attempt to crush the last refuge of liberty in Europe—Great Britain. If it would be surely right for the Christian natives of Europe and America to stop the Turkish massacre of the Armenians at the point of the bayonet, how abominably wrong for the nefarious Turkish government to slaughter in cold blood those vast multitudes of our fellow-Christians! It is a more Christian thing to prevent a nation from enslaving its fellowmen, even by the sword, than to allow them to go on unhindered in their work of death. But all wars that originate in revenge, or covetousness, or pride, or malice, or lust of conquest, or any similar motive, are wholly bad. That means most of all the wars in the world. . . . If good ever comes out of such wars—and it often has come—it is only because an overruling Providence has brought that good out; but no thanks at all to the wars for that." Then the author goes on to discuss some of the "good features of militarism." "Capital and Labor," are also well dissected. "The battle between labor and capital," says the writer, "is only a very modern thing, because it is only of late that men have wakened up to see something more clearly of the rights of man as man; that is only saying that the fun-

damental ethics of Christ have percolated very slowly into the depths of the human mind. But what the slave of ancient history and the serf of the Dark Ages did not see, the modern workingman does see—that he has inalienable rights." (Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati and Chicago.)

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Marguerite Linton Glentworth is one of the youngest among American authors, yet the strength with which she delineates character, and her splendid imaginative power, and a natural gift for pure diction, easily places her among the most brilliant of novelists. Her "Tenth Commandment," has a local coloring that is interesting. It is a story of New York life, the characters being drawn from the most exclusive circles of society as well as from the more diverse circle of what is generally termed "Bohemia." The reader feels that the characters are not of fiction but of real men and women. The story deals with a vital social problem, and although fearlessly dealt with, the author has shown remarkable sound common sense in placing it before the reader in language which does not excuse but which convinces by its subtle depth of underlying sincerity. Frank Stockton said of one of its chapters, "A Ship Has Put Out to Sea," that "That chapter alone is destined to make the book a great American novel." (Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

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Much has been told and written regarding Bohemian life in France's giddy metropolis, but perhaps nothing has been told with the straightforward directness as in "Bohemian Paris of To-day," by W. C. Morrow, from notes by Edouard Cucuel and liberally and finely illustrated by the latter. A quotation from the introductory pages written by Mr. Morrow, will furnish some idea of the nature of the work. "This volume," says the author, "is written to show the life of the students in the Paris of to-day. It has an additional interest in opening to inspection certain phases of Bohemian life in Paris that are shared both by the students and the public, but that are generally unfamiliar to visitors to that wonderful city, and even to a very large part of the city's population itself. It depicts the underside of such life as the students find—the loose, the unconventional life of the humbler strugglers in literature and art, with no attempt to spare its salient features, its poverty and picturesqueness, and its lack of adherence to generally accepted standards of morals and conduct." Had the author written the book with a view to teaching a moral, he could not have done it more in order and with better method. But we do not believe, by the tone of the preface, that this was the object of the interpreter of M. Cucuel's notes. From cover to cover the intelligent reader finds himself asking: "Why send our art students to Paris?" Why, indeed! For when do they find time to study? Frequent night carousals followed by aching heads in the morning, are surely not conducive to the study of the beautiful. Studio fights and squabbles which are of frequent occurrence—"paint-brush duels"—the barbarous "initiation of the new students," and other features of even more shady type, seems to be the "atmosphere," into which we are pleased to plunge our students who pine to go abroad. Again, one is led to see the farce of taking up study in the atelier of one of the "masters." Study? It is simply "larking." But to be able to place after his name "studied with Monsieur X. Y. or Z.," the student, according to Mr. Morrow, passes